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or French teacher, informing the latter that at a certain time he will take up with his class certain phenomena of Latin; the German or French teacher, so far as possible, makes his work at that time parallel to that of his Latin colleague.

President Garfield declared that the attitude of the small college, nay of any college, towards the Classics depends on the attitude of that college towards learning. Is the college only to uphold learning that is 'useful'? then put the Classics out. But he held that experience more and more clearly shows the necessity of making the basis of learning something broad, deep, enduring, something so securely founded in past experience that it shall be possible to put on a proper superstructure. This means that the attitude of the college towards the Classics must be distinctly friendly, because experience has amply shown that by the Classics the mind is taught and disciplined in a thoroughly satisfactory way. There is no evidence whatever that the minds of modern youth are so different in fiber and processes from those of the youth of former generations, which found their best training in the Classics, that the Classics may with safety be thrown out. Professor Morris took issue sharply with Ferrero's picture of Horace, holding that by suppression of pertinent matters and misinterpretation of others he had presented a very erroneous picture of the Roman lyric poet. In a word Professor Morris, speaking of a detail of Ferrero's presentation of Roman history, made much the same comments on Ferrero's methods as were made in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 2. 124-126 by Professor Botsford in his review of Volumes 3 and 4 of the *Greatness and Decline*. C. K.

### THE HELVETIAN QUARTET<sup>1</sup>

#### IV. Divico

Four names are the sum of Helvetia's soldier-statesmen on Caesar's roster. The list began with an adventurer and a suicide; it closes with Divico, whom we should honor, with Catuvolcus (6. 31), Camulogenus (7. 57), and Vertiscus (8. 12), as one of the four 'Grand Old Men' of Gaul. Divico in his youth had been the forerunner and example of Orgetorix, but without the stigma of conspiracy and treason that ruined the latter. Yet, it must be admitted, much of Divico's early fame had approached dangerously near to the province of the adventurous.

It was in 107 B. C., five years before his later adversary even saw the light at Rome, that Divico's name must have been oft-repeated in Forum and temple and Curia—yes, and coupled with curses and vows. The Cimbri and Teutones were at that time on their awful march through western Europe, sweeping all things and all creatures before them.

For very fear of them, the Gauls were shutting themselves in their towns and living, in their extreme famine, upon their own flesh (7. 77. 12). Italy was cowering in horror, lest it also should all too soon be caught up in the mad vortex of the barbarians' course. But, as if these invaders were not enough in themselves, native tribes of Gaul were becoming intoxicated by the frightful example and were either joining the main horde or pursuing parallel tangents of their own. Such were the Tigurini, one of the four cantons of the Helvetian nation, who now broke loose from all restraint and poured themselves out upon the Province. And it was Divico, a chieftain then in his youthful vigor, that was at their head (1. 7. 2; 1. 13. 2).

Caesar's father, or perhaps his grandfather, may have been in the Forum one day, when a messenger from the far North came with startling intelligence. The army of L. Cassius Longinus the consul, Marius's colleague, had been defeated, the consul himself slain, and the remnants of the Roman host sent under the yoke by Divico and his Helvetians. The humiliated fugitives had purchased their ransom at the price of half their possessions. *Pro fidem deum! In malam crucem Divico!*

Curious are the coincidences that throng human history! There are several which Caesar, perhaps not inappropriately, calls to our attention in connection with this famous raid of the Tigurini. Years afterwards, in fact it was during his own consulship and the year preceding his departure for Gaul, Caesar's marriage with Calpurnia, Piso's daughter, brought him into unexpected closeness of relationship with Divico and the Helvetians. From his own wife's lips, probably, he now heard tales of that great defeat far back in 107 B. C., for Calpurnia's great-grandfather had been on the staff of Cassius in that disastrous campaign and had been slain along with his general. It had a tendency at least to stimulate Caesar's interest in the event, especially after later developments placed him in immediate contact with the chief characters themselves in the tragedy.

By a second coincidence—Caesar was uncertain whether it was purely accidental, or actual intervention on the part of providence—the Tigurini whom he had so summarily cut off at the Saône (1. 12) were the self-same tribe that had wrought the destruction of L. Cassius.

But last and most unique in this chain of coincidence was old Divico himself. Forty-nine years after his first exploits on that same soil Divico now came as chief of an embassy to wait on Caesar. It is not often that Clio, in search of a hero, will turn back through the records of half a century. Divico's name had once already been heralded to fame. The story of his notorious incursion may

<sup>1</sup> See *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY*, 2. 178-181, 186-188

still be read in the pages of Strabo (p. 293), Apian (De R. G. 4. 3), Orosius (5. 15. 23-25), Livy (Ep. 65), and Tacitus (Germ. 37).

It was a note of alarm that had dictated this third conference with the proconsul. The Helvetii were justly disquieted. A fourth of their number had been crushed and dissipated. One day's work for Caesar and his diminutive army in bridging the Saône was equal to twenty of theirs with all their hundreds of thousands (I. 13). The speed of this strange upstart from Rome was something startling. And so, though he had played them false and no formalities were due the perjured Roman, though he was manifestly overstepping both the geographical bounds of his province and those of his prerogatives in thus pursuing them, still it was the sense of the nation to reach their destination on the west coast of Gaul (I. 10. 1; I. 11. 16) without irreparable loss. It was well to negotiate with Caesar before any farther casualties like this last one should be perpetrated upon them.

Was there any special reason why the Helvetians should now designate the aged Divico as their chief envoy? Was it because they no longer cared to intrust matters of statecraft to younger men, lest the wily Roman again outwit them as he had the unsophisticated Nanneius and Verucloetius? Was it because Divico was a tried and approved diplomat, whom, through almost a century's experiences, they had found they could trust? Was it because, having been the comrade and leader of the Tigurini in their first war and now a survivor of his ill-fated clansmen, he could be relied upon to be the more inspired with patriotic sympathy and therefore the firmer and more implacable toward their national foe?

Whatever the reasons for naming him the plenipotentiary, Divico was every whit worthy of his mission. The years had certainly availed not to diminish his splendid manhood. The old warrior was as stern and scornful and unbending now as he could have been when, half a century before, he may have stood with folded arms, like pictures we sometimes see of his illustrious kinsman, the Brennus who stormed Rome, and have watched the army of Cassius Longinus pass under the yoke.

What could have been the sentiments of the proconsul in meeting face to face with this grand old hero whose name had been a familiar execration in his boyhood days? Here before him, white in years, but with eyes as flashing and mustache as fierce as those of forty years might be, was this Bismarck of the Helvetians, transported as by magic from the days of long ago, his sword still unsheathed against the Romans and his tongue still charged with malice and eloquent scorn for his country's foe.

And this is what he said (I. 13): "If you Romans will make peace with us, we Helvetians on our part are ready and willing to go anywhere in Gaul you

may dictate and to settle there. But if you persist in your hostile attitude, remember the old-time defeat you received at our hands, and remember too our own ancient valor. Simply because you have suddenly attacked one canton at a time when their comrades across the river were unable to bring them aid, do not for that reason either overestimate your own powers or despise us. As for us, we have been taught by our forefathers to depend upon bravery in the open field, not upon such stratagem or ambuscade as you have used. And so, beware lest this very spot where we are now encamped get its name from the calamity that shall befall your army and transmit the memory of it to your children's children".

If the Helvetians had really contemplated a peaceful understanding with Caesar, that opportunity was now forever past. Divico had allowed his ardor and indignation to sweep away all diplomacy. The swelling boast of which he had delivered himself was beautifully consistent with the fiery old general's temper, but was not calculated to elicit anything but hardness of heart from the unemotional proconsul. The latter's answer to Divico's fierce invective was a cool, determined recital of the terms upon which and upon which only could the Helvetii expect peace with the Roman people. It involved complete restitution of damaged property, the giving of hostages—"Hostages! We Helvetians have learned from generations back to *receive* hostages, never to give them; you Romans yourselves can bear witness to that". And with this magnificent thrust, Divico retired.

A splendid picture of untamed defiance this, the hoary chieftain disdaining to parley with his Roman adversary, his pride venting itself in utter indignation and loathing at the mere mention of servile compliance. Let us hope that in that mighty battle that soon followed, so near the scene of his youthful achievements, Divico burst that mighty heart of his in glorious strife. It may have been the grand old warrior himself who rallied the wavering line and once more renewed the battle at the hill (I. 25). It may have been Divico who directed the last wild struggle amid the carts and wagons until late into the darkness of the night, despairing, yet unconquered but by death itself (I. 26). Surely his kingly soul could never have suffered itself to be a survivor of that awful carnage. Surely we can never imagine Divico forming one of that stricken procession that now turned and slowly, painfully, crept back, to rebuild the charred and ruined homes of desolate Helvetia (I. 28).

Florus's simile is certainly euphemistic (Ep. 1. 45. 3): "Caesar led this warlike nation back to their homes as a shepherd his flocks to the fold".

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